

# DOCTOR • WHO

## SHIPWRECK!

PART ONE

Present day. This is the *Seamancer*, a fishing trawler out of Portsmouth, battling through the *worst storm* the Atlantic Ocean has seen for *30 years*.

She's seen *tough waters* before, but *nothing* like this. And things are going to get *much worse*...

Urgh! I think I'm gonna *throw up*!

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE  
Art JOHN ROSS  
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK  
Letters PAUL VYSE

If you *must* be sick, Miss Jones, please go *outside*.

I don't think I can move. Where's the *Doctor*?

"Your friend is outside, *enjoying* the ride. Personally, I think he's *insane*."

Yaahooooooooo!

You might think he's mad, *Captain Ketley*, but I couldn't possibly comment...

Surely a little *bad weather* would not trouble a hardened traveller in *time and space* like yourself.

Oh, ha ha, very funny...

Hey! I thought you were supposed to be *fixing the TARDIS*, not taking in the *sea air*.

I don't know what's making me heave *more*, the flipping *sea* or the captain's *sarcasm*. Get a *move on*!





It's nice of Captain Ketley to have us onboard...

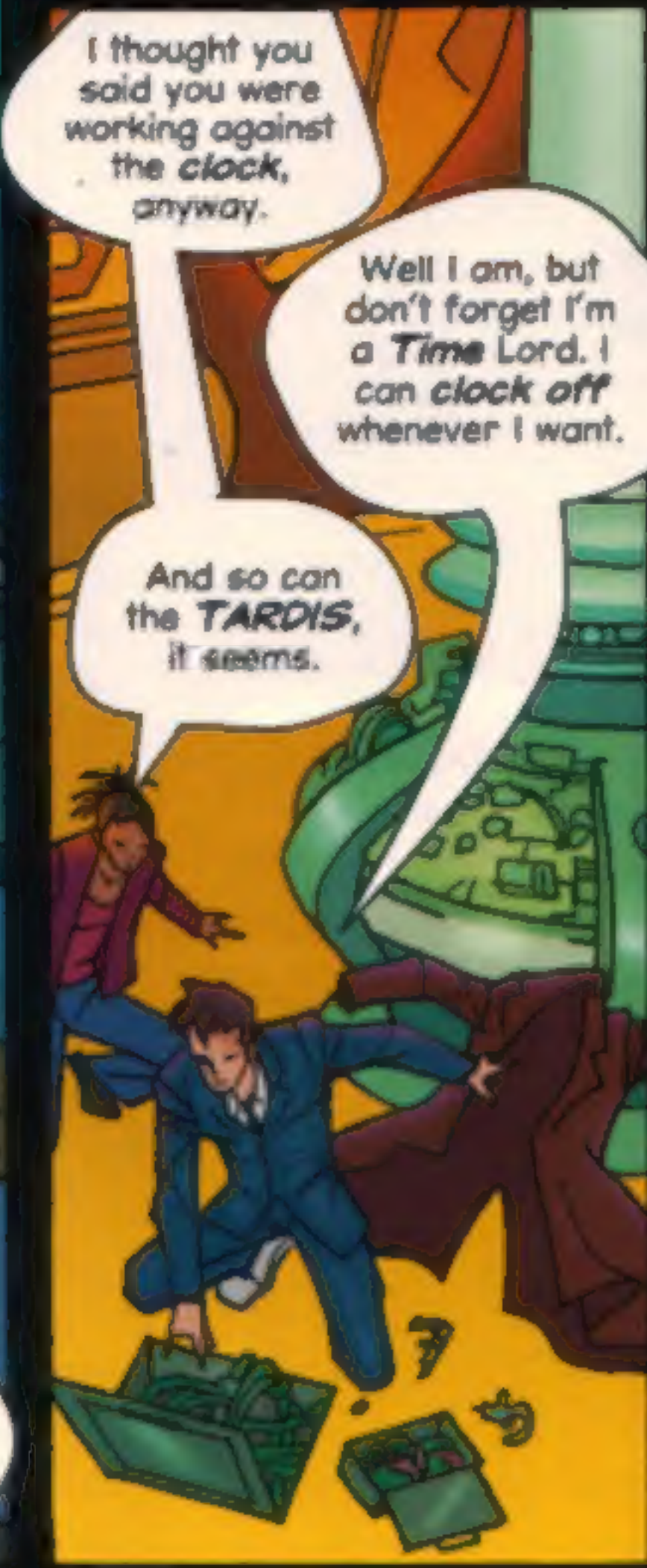
He doesn't have much choice - not since the TARDIS chose to pitch up *below decks*.

Best not *outstay* our welcome then.



Can't a fella *enjoy* himself on a *sea cruise* anymore?

Some *cruise*! That's a *force seven storm* out there. The *Seamancer's* lost at sea and the forecast is *bad*. It's time you got on with the *job in hand*.



I thought you said you were working against the *clock*, anyway.

Well I am, but don't forget I'm a *Time Lord*. I can *clock off* whenever I want.

And so can the *TARDIS*, it seems.



The TARDIS is very *old*, Martha. Things do *break down* occasionally.

But you've worked out what's up with it?

Oh, that's obvious - the *dematerialisation field* is fluctuating badly. It just needs *recalibrating*, that's all.

But it is *urgent*, right?



If it's not fixed *soon*, the dematerialisation field might cut in without *warning*...




Suddenly...

Whoa! Turbulence!


The *Seamancer's* taking a real *battering*...

KRRZZZRRKK!






Heave to, bosun!  
Hard to port! We'll  
run *aground* if we're  
not careful!



I can't work in these  
conditions! The  
TARDIS is getting  
*sea sick*!


Maybe we should  
leave it to the  
*experts* this  
time...

I *am* an  
expert!




She's not responding,  
skipper! I think the  
rudder's gone!

Look out! We're  
going to hit those  
rocks!



Abandon  
ship!

**KKKRRUUU  
- UUNNECHHH!**



Martha! Swim for  
the rocks!

No kidding!





*cough cough*  
You don't half  
pick your times  
to go for a swim,  
Doctor...

Never mind that - the  
*Seamancer's* going  
down... we should look  
for survivors.



Doctor! Miss Jones!  
You made it!

Only just! Where  
*are* we? I thought  
we were lost in the  
middle of the Atlantic!



According to the  
charts, there was  
*no* land within a  
hundred miles of the  
*Seamancer*. I don't  
know *where* we are.

Everyone's  
accounted for,  
skipper - at least  
we're all *alive*!



Alive? For how  
*long*? What *is*  
this godforsaken  
place?

Simmer down,  
*cook*. We need to  
*stay calm* and  
find shelter.



Funny - the  
compass needle  
is *stuck*. How can  
that happen?


Bust on the  
rocks?



Let's have a look.

Ah! Interesting! We  
must be right on top  
of the *magnetic pole*.  
The needle's *jammed*  
because it's trying to  
point *straight down*.






You're all talking rubbish! We can't be anywhere near the **North Pole** - we went down in the middle of the blitherin' **Atlantic!**

Hey!


Cook - that's **enough!** We won't get anywhere arguing among ourselves!



I always said havin' **wimmin** onboard was **bad luck**.


Listen, mate, you make your **own** luck - nothing to do with **me!**

Be quiet and listen!




You may think it's **bad** that the ship's gone down and we've been washed up **here...**

...but it's **worse** than that. This sand is **volcanic rock**. It shouldn't be anywhere **near** the Atlantic Ocean - or the North Pole, for that matter.



What are you trying to say, Doctor?

That this isn't **Kansas** anymore. Look up **there**.



Huh? Where have all the **clouds** gone? What happened to the **storm?**

Oh, we've left the storm **well behind**, Martha. Check those stars out. That's **Rigel Four...** that's the **Gogol Nebula...**

...and that's where **Metulla Orionis** used to be. You can't see any of those constellations from **Earth**.

You mean - we're not **on Earth** anymore?



